

The Famous Old BALLAD or
HISTORY
Of the BATTLES of
Red Bank
Floddon-Field.

Which were fought between the *English*,
under the Earl of *Surrey*, (in the Absence
of King *Henry VIII.* of *England*, who was
fighting in *France*) and the *Scots*, under
their valiant King *James IVth* of *Scotland*,
who was slain in the said Battle, in the
Year of our Blessed Lord, 1513.

Containing the valiant and renowned Actions
of several Lords, Knights and 'Squires.

The PART IV.



L O R K : Printed by *Thomas Gent.*

Received the Contents

Ru

† The Story of *Heron* is very remarkable in this Poem, tho' not taken Notice of by the Historian, before-mention'd, any more than bare mentioning his Name. By the Account he gives of himself to the Earl of *Surrey*, we may reasonably suppose he was a Gentleman of no small Reputation on the Borders, and was an utter Enemy to the *Scotch*: For having kill'd their Warden, perhaps as Lord *Howard* did Sir *Andrew Barton*, yet the *Scotch* King being (as may be also suppos'd) at that Time in Friendship with King *Henry*; the latter to oblige King *James*, sent for *Heron* to put him to Death. But he, justly suspecting the Design, contrived his Safety, by the Report of his Death, there being a Pestilence at that time, which made it more easy and credible. And here the Goodness and Loyalty of the Man is to be admired, being still true to the King of *England*, and a great Assistant in this remarkable Victory. 'Tis pity he was not rewarded, when the others were advanc'd; or that, at least, a better Account of this valiant Gentleman had not been transmitted to later Ages.

10 JU 52
Jane Helting

Richard Stead

Back of 1000



*The Famous HISTORY or Ballad of the
Battles fought in Floddon-Field, &c.*

*Taken from an antient Manuscript, which
was transcrib'd by Mr. RICHARD GUY,
late School-Master in Ingleton, Yorkshire.*

P A R T IV. To a pleasant Tune.

The Seventh Fight.

THEN forth before brave † *Hearon* flew, 1
The Borderers bold to him they draw,
The total Army did ensue,
And came that Night to *Waller's-Haw*.
The *English* Lords then lodg'd their Host, 2
Because the Place was plain and dry;
And was within Six Miles at most,
Whereas their En'mies Host did lie.
The Morrow next they all remov'd, 3
Tho' Weather was both foul and ill,
Along down by a pleasant Flood,
Which called is, *The Water of Till*.

Floddon-Field. PART IV.

And all that Day they view'd in Sight, 4

Whereas the Scots for Battle bold,
Because the Day was spent, that Night

The Army lodg'd at *Barrin-Wood*.

Then valiantly with the Vantguard, 5

The Morrow next, with mature Skill,
The Admiral did march forward,

And pass'd over the Water of *Till*.

At *Toynsil-Bridge*, with Ordinance, 6

And other Engines fit for War,
His Father eke did forth advance,

And at *Milford*, from thence not far,
With the Rereward, the River past, 7

All ready in Ranks and Battle Array,
They had no need more time to waste,

For Victuals they had none that Day.

But black fasting as they were born, 8

From Flesh, or Fish, or other Food;

Drink had they none two Days before, 8

But Water wan in running Flood.

Yet they such stedful Faiths did bear 9

Unto their King and Native Land;

Each one to other then did swear,

'Gainst Foes to fight while they could stand.

And never flee, while Life did last, 10

But rather die by Dint of Sword:

Thus over Plains and Hills they past, 10

Until they came to *Sandiford*.

A Brook

PART IV. *The Seventh Fight.*

A Brook of Breadth a Taylor's-Yard, 11

Where the Earl of Surrey thus did say,

Good Fellow-Soldiers be not 'fraid,

But fight it out like Men this Day.

Like English Men now play your Parts, 12

Bestow your Strokes with Stomach bold :

Ye know the Scottish toward Hearts,

And how we have scourg'd them of ill.

Strike but three Strokes with Stomach stout, 13

And shoot each Man sharp Arrows three

And you shall see without all Doubt,

The scolding Scots begin to flee.

Think on your Country's Common-Wealth, 14

In what Estate the same shall stand :

To Englishmen no Hopes of Health,

If Scotsmen gain the upper-band.

If we should not them boldly 'bide, 15

But, Cowards-like, from them should turn ;

All England North from Trent to Tweed,

The haughty Scots would harry and burn.

Your faithful Wives and Daughters pure, 16

They would not stick for to defile ;

Of Life none could be safe and sure,

But murdered be by Villains vile.

But if you'll fight like Souls most fierce, 17

So that by Force we win the Field,

My Tongue cannot tell and rehearse.

What plenteous Soil we then shall wield.

Besides all that, perpetual Praise 18

*Througout all Ages we shall gain,
And quietly pass out our Days,*

And in a lasting Peace remain.

Agreed, the Soldiers then reply'd, 19

And there to the Earl they promis'd Plight,

There on that Bent boldly to 'bide,

And never flee, but fiercely fight.

Then marched forth the Men of War, 20

And every Band their Banner shew'd;

And Trumpets hoarse was heard afar,

And glittering Harness shining view'd.

Thus they past forth along the Plain, 21

And strait forth by a Valley low;

Where up above on the Mountain,

The *Scottish* Army in Sight they saw.

Whom they did leave on the left Hand, 22

And past forth on the *Surrey* Side,

Till 'twixt the *Scots* and *Scottish* Land,

They were conducted by their Guide.

Now all this while the King of *Scots* 23

Beheld them fair before his Eyne,

Within his Mind drove many Doubts,

Musing what th' *English* did mean.

Giles Musgrave then, a gainful Greek, 24

And Friend Familiar with the King;

Who said, Sir King, If you do seek

To know the *English* Mens Meaning:

You

You better Notice cannot have, 25
 Than that which I to you shall tell,
 What they forecast, I full conceive,
 I know their Meaning passing well.
 Your Marshes they mean for to sack, 27
 And Borders your's to harry and burn;
 Wherefore it's best that we go back,
 From such Intent them for to turn.
 This *Musgrave* was a Man of Skill, 27
 And spake this for a Policy,
 To cause the King come down the Hill,
 That so the Battle try'd might be. †

† Upon the Return of the Message, the ^{Earl of York} ~~King~~
 advanc'd within 3 Miles of Floddon; but per-
 ceiving that King James still kept upon the Hill,
 which was inaccessible, he sent Rouge-Croix a-
 gain with a Letter, subscrib'd by himself, his
 Son, and divers other Noblemen and Knights;
 where, in respectful Terms, they provok'd him to
 descend from his Fortifications, and fight in a
 large Plain between them, called Millfield, insist-
 ing also upon the Validity of his own Message.
 But receiving no satisfactory Answer, the Earl
 remov'd with his Army to such a Camp, that if
 the Scotch did not leave the Advantage of the
 Situation, he might cut off their Provisions.

The † King gave Credit to his Word, 28
 Trusting his Talk was void of Train,
 He with Consent of all his Lords,
 Did march with speed down to the Plain.
 By *North* there was another Hill, 29
 Which *Bankston-Hill* is call'd by Name,
 The *Scots* there scour'd with right-good will,
 Least th' *English* Men should get the same.
 The Litter which they left behind, 30
 And other Filth on Fire they set,
 Whose dusty Smoak the Light did blind,
 That both the Armies soon they met.
 For when the Weather waxed clear, 31
 And Smoak consum'd within a while;
 Now both the Hosts in Distance were,
 Not past a Quarter of a Mile.

Then

† When King James perceived the Designs of
 the English, it made him change his Measures,
 and by firing his Huts, covertly removed by the
 Benefit of the Smoak, but still kept on the high
 Ground, where he made a Stand. Immediately
 the Earl travers'd some Bogs and Marshes 'till
 he arrived at the Bottom of the Bank; where,
 finding the Ascent not very steep, he appointed
 the Vanguard to his two Sons, the main Battle to
 himself, the Rear to Sir Edward Stanley, and
 then bravely encourag'd his Men to Battle.

Then the Admiral did plain aspect 32

The Scots array'd in Battle four;
The Man was sage and circumspect,
And soon perceived that his Power,
So great a Strength could not gainstand, 33

Wherefore he to his Father sent,
Desiring him strait out of hand,
With the Rere-ward ready to be bent
And join with him in equal Ground, 34

Whereto the Earl agreed anon,
Then Drums struck up with dreadful Sound,
And Trumpets blew with doleful Tune.

Then sounding Bows were soon up bent, 35
Some did their Arrows sharp up take;
Some did in Hand their Halbards hent,
Some rusty Bills did ruffling shake.



The Eighth Fight.

Then Ord'nance great anon out-brast, 1
On either Side with thundring Thumps,
And roaring Guns with Fire fast,

Then levell'd out great Leaden Lumps.
With rumbling Rage thus *Vulcan's* Art, 2
Began this fierce and dreadful Fight;

But th' Arch-Gunner on th' *English* Part,
The Master *Scot* did mark so right,
That

That he with Bullet brust his Brain, 3
And hurl'd his Heels his Head above ;
Then pip'd he such a Peal again,
The *Scots* he from their Ord'nance drove.
So by the *Scots* Artillery, 4
The *English* Men no Harm did hent ;
But the *English* Gunner grievously,
Them *Tennis-Balls* he fousing sent,
Into the Midst of Enemies Ranks, 5
Where they in furious Rage down rush'd.
Some shouting laid with broken Shanks,
Some crying laid with Members crush'd.
Thus Englishmen with bombard Shot, 6
Their Enemies down thick they threw ;
But yet the *Scots*, with Stomach stout,
Their broken Ranks did still renew.
And when the roaring Guns did cease, 7
To handy Strokes they hy'd apace ;
And with their total Power press
To join with Enemies Face to Face.
Then Englishmen, with feather'd Flights, 8
Sent out anon from founding Bow,
Which wounded many warlike Wights,
And many a Groom to Ground did throw.
The Graygoose Wing did work such Grief, 9
And did the *Scots* so skour and skaile ;
For in their Battle, to be brief,
They rattling flew as rank as Hail.

That

That many a Soldier on the Soil, 10

Lay dead that Day thro' Dint of Dart;

The Arrows keen kept such a Coyl,

And wounded many to the Heart.

They pierc'd the Scalp of many a Scot, 11

So that on Ground they groaning fell;

Some had his Shoulder quite thro' shot,

Some loosing Life, did loudly yell.

One from his Leg the Lance would pull, 12

Another thro' his Stomach strick't;

Some bleeding, bellow'd like a Bull,

Some were thro' Privy-Members prick'd.

But yet the Scots still stout did stand, 13

'Till Arrow-Shot at last was done;

And then they went to Stroaks of Hand,

And at the last did Battle join.

Then on the *English* Part with Speed, 14

The Bills stept forth, and Bows went back,

The Moorish Pikes and Mells of Lead,

Did deal there many a dreadful Thwack.

The Englishmen stretcht East and West, 15

And Southward did their Faces set;

The Scotchmen Northward proudly prest,

And manfully their Foes they met.

First, Westward of a Wing there was, 16

Sir *Edmund Howard*, Captain Chief;

With whom did pass, in equal Mace,

Sir *Bryan Tunstall*, to be brief.

With

With whom encountred a strong Scot, 17
Who was the King's chief Chamberlain,
Lord *Humes* by Name, of Courage hot,
Who manfully march'd them again.
Ten thousand *Scots* well try'd and told, 18
Under his Standard stout he led ;
When th' *Englishmen* did them behold,
For Fear at first they would have fled,
Had not the valiant *TUNSTAL* been, 19
Who still stept on with Stomach stout,
Crying, *Come on, good Countrymen,*
Now fiercely let us fight it out.
Let not the Number of our Foes, 20
Your manful Hearts 'minish or shake ;
Nor ever let the World suppose,
That Scotchmen made us turn our Back.
Like doughty Lads, let's rather die, 21
And from our Blood take all Rebuke :
With edged Tools now let us try.
Then from the Ground he Mold up took.
And did the same in Mouth receive, 22
In Token of his Maker dear ;
Which when his People did perceive,
His valiant Heart renew'd their Chear.
Then first before, in foremost Ray, 23
The trusty *Tunstall* bold forth sprung ;
His Stomach could no longer stay,
But thundering thrust into the Throng.

And

PART IV. *The Eighth Fight.* 13

And as true Men did make Report, 24

In present Place which did on look,
He was the first for to be short,

On th'*English* Part, that proffer'd Stroke.
All those that he with Halbert wraught, 25

He made to stagger in that Stound;
And many a Groan to Ground he brought,
And dealt there many a deadly Wound.
And forward 'still' gainst Foes he flew, 26

And threshing turn'd 'em all to teen;
Where he a noble Scotsman slew,

Who called was Sir *Malkin Keen*.
And still his Foes pursued fast, 27

And Weapon in *Scotch* Blood he warm'd,
And Slaughter lashed, 'till at last

The *Scots* so thick about him swarm'd,
That he from Succour covered was, 28

And from his Men which *Scots* had skail'd,
Yet for all that he kept his Place,

He fiercely fought, and never fail'd,
Till with an edged Sword one came, 29

And at his Legs below did dash,
And near a Score of *Scots*, the same

Upon his Helmet high did dash,
Tho' he could not *withstand such Strength*, 30

Yet never would he flee nor yield:
Alas! for Want of Aid, at length,

He slain was fighting in the Field.

Down

Down fell this *valiant active Knight, 31
 His Body great on Ground did lie;
 But up to Heaven, with Angels bright,
 His Golden Ghost did fluttering fly:
 Who, now, intomb'd, lies at a Church, 32
 Carv'd out in Stone, to shew his Fate;
 That tho', by Fate, left in the Lurch,
 He dy'd a Death renown'd and great.



* Certainly
 this is as fine
 a Passage as
 any we read of
 among the an-
 cient Heroes.
 And tho' I find
 not his Name
 mention'd in
 the Chronicle,
 (more a Pity!)
 yet am glad to
 bear his Me-

mory is precious to this Day in the North West
 Parts; where, 'tis said, this gallant Gentleman,
 Bryan Tunstall, has a Tomb erected, with his
 Effigy thereon, lying in Armour, as an Acknow-
 ledgment paid to his renowned Valour and most
 stedfast Loyalty.

This humble Praise, lamented Shade! receive,
 This Praise at least a grateful Muse may give.

PART IV. *The Eighth Fight.* 15

After his Fall the People fled, 33

And all that Wing did fall to wrack;

Some fighting fierce dy'd in the Stead,

The rest for Terrour turn'd their back.

Save Sir *Edmund Howard* all alone, 34

Who with his Standard-Bearer yet,

Seeing his Folks all fled and gone,

In haste to Vanguard hy'd to get.

But he scot-free had not so 'scap'd. 35

For why right hot Sir *David Hume*,

With Troop of Scots had him entrapt,

Had not * *John Eastard Hearon* come.

With half a Score of Horsemen light, 36

Crying, Now *Howard*, have good Heart;

For unto Death 'till we be dight,

I promise here to take thy Part.

Which heard, then *Howard's* Heart up drew, 37

And with the Spearmen forth he sprung,

And fierce amongst their Foes they flew,

Where *David Hume* down dead lay flung.

Bryan Turnstall Then

* Mr. Eachard writes, That the Earl's youngest Son, Sir Edmund Howard, was in great Distress by the Valour of the Scots Earls Lenox and Argyle; but was reliev'd, and the Fight renew'd, by the Assistance of the Lord Dacres, and the aforesaid Heron. This Heron appears again in Lustre, tho' a private Gentleman, yet inimitably valiant, as well as a most subtle Warrior, in assisting where there was most Occasion.

Then many a Scot that stout did stand, 38

With dreadful Stroke they did reward:

So Howard, through bold Hearon's Hand,

Came safe and sound to the Vantguard.

Where th' Admiral, with Strength extent, 39

Then in the Field fierce fighting was,

'Gainst whom in Battle bold was bent,

Two Scotch Earls of an antient Race.

One Crawford call'd, to'ther Montross, 40

Who led twelve thousand Scotsmen strong,

Who manfully met with their Foes,

With Leaden Mells and Lances long:

Their battering Blows made solid Sound, 41

There many a sturdy Stroke was given,

And many a Baron brought to Ground,

And many a Banner broad was riven.

But yet, in fine, through mighty Force, 42

The Admiral quit himself so well,

And wrought so, that the Scots had worst,

For down in Field both Earls they fell.

Now the Earl of Surrey next by East, 43

Most fiercely 'gainst his Foes he fought;

'Gainst whom King James, in Battel prest,

With Banners blaz'd, his Battle brought.

Under which was many Baron bold, 44

And many Lord of lusty Blood,

And trusty Knights well try'd and told,

With Mitred Prelates passing proud.

With the Earl of Cattness and Cassel, 45

The Earl of Merton and of Mar;

With Errol, Adell and Atbell,

With Bothwell bold, and of Clecarr.

Lord

PART IV. *The Eighth Fight.* 17

Lord Lovett led a lusty Power, 46

So Clustone, Inderby and Ross ;

Lord Maxwell, with his Brethren four,

Lord Bothwick, Bogginy and Forbes.

Lord Arskill, Sinclair and Sempel, 47

With them well try'd a mighty Sum ;

All with the King came down the Hill,

With Cowell, Kay and Caddy Hume.

With Captains great, and Commons stout, 48

'Bove twenty thousand Men at least,

All with the King most fierce on Foot,

Against their Foes themselves addrest.

Now th' Earl of Surrey, on th' *English* Side, 49

Incouraged his Soldiers keen,

Crying, *Good Fellows, strike this Tide,*

Let now your valiant Acts be seen.

Then Spears and Pikes to work were put, 50

And Blows with cutting Axes dealt ;

Then tow'ring Helmets through were cut,

That some their Wounds scarce ever felt.

On one Side Death triumphant reign'd, 51

And stopt their Pains as well as Groans ;

But those who piercing Wounds had gain'd,

The Hills did eccho with their Moans.

Then on the *Scottish* Part right proud, 52

The Earl of *Bothwell* then out-brust ;

And stepping forth with Stomach good,

Unto the *English* fiercely thrust.

And *Bothwell*, *Bothwell*, cried bold, 53

To cause his Soldiers to ensue ;

But there he catch'd a welcome Cold,

A valiant Englishman him slew.

Thus Herbert, through his haughty Heart, 54
 His fatal End in Conflict found ;
 Now all this while, on either Part,
 Was dealt full many a deadly Wound.
 On either Side were Soldiers slain, 55
 And stricken down with Strength of Hand,
 That who should win, none could say plain,
 The Victory in doubt did stand.



The Ninth Fight.

BUT at the last great * Stanley stout, 1
 Came marching up the Mountain steep,
 His Folks could hardly fast their Feet,
 But forc'd on Hands and Knees to creep.
 The Sweat down from their Bodies ran, 2
 And Hearts did hop in panting Breast,
 Until the Mountain-Top they wan,
 In warlike-wise e'er Scotsmen wish't.

Where

In the

* While the King's Battallion and that of the
 Earl's made a long and cruel Fight, the famous
 Sir Edward Stanley, by Means of his Archers,
 constrain'd the Scotch to descend the Hill, and
 to open their Ranks to avoid the Storms of Ar-
 rows, by which they seem'd to give one of the first
 Overtures to the English, by opening the Way to
 a compleat Victory.

PART IV. *The Ninth Fight.* 1)

Where for a while brave Stanley stay'd 3

Until his Folks had taken Breath;
To whom at last ev'n thus he said,

*Most hardy Mates, down from this Heath,
Against our Foes fast let us bye,* 4

*Our valiant Countrymen to aid;
With fighting fierce, much Fear have I,
Least that they should be overlaid.*

My Lancashire most lively Wights, 5

*And chosen Mates from Cheshire strong,
With sounding Bow your Feathered Flights,*

Let fiercely fly your Foes among.

March down from this high Mountain Top, 6

And Brunt of Battle let us bide:

With Stomach stout let's make no Stop,

And Stanley stout will be your Guide.

A Scourge for Scots my Father was, 7

He Berwick Town from them did gain:

No doubt but e'er this Day shall pass,

His Son like Fortune shall obtain.

And now the Earl of Surrey sore 8

The Scots I see besets this Tide

But since with Foes he fights before,

We'll suddenly set on the Side.

The Noise then made the Mountains ring, 9

And Stanley stout they all did

Out-went anon the Grey-goose Wing.

Amongst the Scots did flittering fly.

And tho' the Scots at Stanley's Name 10

Were stonish'd sore, yet stout they stood,

And for Defence did fiercely frame

A narrow Dint of Danger 'Bode.

Lord *Bothwick*, *Bogginy* and *Forbes*, 11

With them ten thousand *Scotsmen* strong :

Death they endur'd, thro' *Danger's* Force,

Alas for them, they stay'd too long.

Which when Lord *Stanley* stout did see, 12

Into the Throng he thundering thrust;

My *Lancashire brave Lads*, quoth he,

Down with the Scots this Day we must.

Then Foes he forc'd to break their Ray, 13

And many a Life was lost that while,

No Voice was heard but *Kill and slay*,

Down goes the Scots Earl of Argyle.

The Earl of *Lenox* Luck was like, 14

He slain was fighting fierce that Tyde,

Lord *Forbes*, *Bogginy* and *Bothwick*,

Upon that Bent did breathless 'bide.

And so the Earl of *Huntley's* Hap, 15

Had been resembled to the rest ;

But that through Skill he made Escape,

With an *English* Blade he had been blest.

But having near a Horse at hand, 16

On whom he scouring scap'd away,

Else doubtless, as the Case did stand,

On *Floddon-Hill* he had dy'd that Day.

After these Lords were dead or fled, 17

And Companies left Captainless ;

Their Soldiers then did fly with Speed,

With Souls of Horror and Distress.

Whom *Stanley*, with his total Strength, 18

Swiftly pursues unto the Plain,

Where on the King he light at length,

Who fighting was with all his Main.

When

PART IV. *The Ninth Fight.* 21

When his Approach the † King perceiv'd, 19
With Stomach stout he him withstood;
His Scots right bravely them behav'd,
And Battle boldly there abode.

Then Showers of Arrows fierce were shot, 20
Which did each Side so pierce and gaul,
That e'er they came to handy Strokes,
Great Numbers on the Ground did fall.

The King himself was wounded fore, 21
An Arrow in his Forehead light,
That he could scarce fight any more,
The Blood so || blemished his Sight.

Fight on, my Men, the King then said, 22
Tet Fortune she may turn the Scale;
And for my Wounds be not dismay'd,
Nor ever let your Courage fail.

Thus dying, did he brave appear, 23
'Till Shades of Death did close his Eyes;
'Till then he did his Soldiers chear,
And rais'd their Courage to the Skies.

† *At that time King James seeing his Distress,*
he redoubled his Courage, and perform'd Wonders;
but the valiant Lord Thomas Howard, and Sir
Edward Stanley, who had defeated their Oppos-
ers, coming in with the Lord Dacres's Horse,
the Scots were so distressed, that for their last
Defence they cast themselves into a Ring.

|| *Indeed to see a warlike King, even tho' an*
Enemy, in such great Distress, commands Pity and
Admiration, especially when we come to consider
them the Lrd's Anointed.

But

Flodden-Field. PART IV.

But what avail'd his Valour great, 24
 Or bold Device, 'twas all in vain :
 His Captains keen fail'd at his Feet,
 And Standard-Bearer too was slain.
 Th' Archbishop of St. *Andrews* brave, 25
 King *James* his Son in Base begot,
 That doleful Day did Death receive,
 With many lusty Lord-like Scot:
 Lord *Arskell*, *Sinclair* and *Sempel*, 26
Morton and *Fair* for all their Power ;
 The Earl of *Erroll* and *Athell*,
 Lord *Maxwell*, with his Brethren four.
 And last of all, amongst the Lave, 27
 King *James* † himself to Death gave way,
 Yet by whose Hands none could perceive,
 But *Stanley* still most like was he.
 After the King and Captains slain, 28
 The Commons strait did fall to Ground :
 The Englishmen pursu'd amain,
 And never ceas'd 'till Sun went down.
 Then

† No Man, says our Author, perform'd more
 than King *James* in Person ; but after a bloody
 Fight of three Hours, pressing forwards, he was
 slain in the Field, as the English Writers assert ;
 others say afterwards.

PART IV. *The Ninth Fight.* 23

Then the Earl *Surrey* caus'd to sound 29

A Trumpet to retreat anon ;

And Captains caus'd to keep their Ground,

'Till Morrow next while Night was gone.

And the English Soldiers all that Night, 30

Altho' they weary were with Toil ;

Of *Scotsmen* costly slain in Fight,

Of Jewels rich spar'd not to spoil.

The Carcass of the KING himself, 31

Naked was left as it was found,

The Earl could not know it right,

Searching the same upon the Ground,

'Till the Lord *Dacres*, at the last, 32

By certain Signs did know the King

His Corps into a Cart being plac'd,

They to *Newcastle* did it bring.

¶ Twelvethousand *Scots* it seems were slain, 33

Of *English* but five thousand fell ;

But Fifteen hundred, others plain,

As Words can make it, to us tell.

Great

¶ The Scots were defeated, says our Historian, with the Loss of most of their Nobility, one Archbishop, two Bishops, 4 Abbots, and about ten thousand others. And on the English Side, according to Polydore, about five thousand, tho' others say fewer.

Great Store of Guns were likewise ta'en, 34

Amongst the rest seven Culverines ;

Seven Sisters call'd, which do remain,

To be talk'd of to latest Times.

King *James's* Body was embalm'd, 35

Sweet, like a King, and then was sent

To *Shene* in *Surrey*, where intomb'd,

Some say, there's now a Monument.

But *Bryan Tunstall*, that brave Knight, 36

A never-dying Honour gains ;

And will, as long as Day and Night,

Or as this *Little Book* remains.

Thus have you heard of *Floddon-Fight*, 37

Worthy of each to be commended ;

Because that then *Old England's* Right,

Was bravely by her Sons defended.

Floddon-Fild. 1738

10 68 1 S. 17 9 34
10 30 52 17 9 34
10 30 52 17 9 34
10 30 52 17 9 34



10 94 28 17 9 34
17 9 34

10 94 28 17 9 34

